

PRETEXTS FOR LAUGHTER.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGATION OF MERRIMENT.

Scenes in Circus Life.

[From Punch.]



Spokesman—Look here, young feller, we're three mighty bad men, and we ain't got no time to waste. No hand out the ticks, an' don't keep us waitin' or else we'll—

II.



Circus Official (to trained boxing grizzly)—Thaw'do, Jeff, get back in your cage!

Not Enough Officers.

[From Time.]

Mrs. Simeral—Here's an item about the man who first suggested Mr. Harrison for the Presidency. He certainly ought to have an office.

Mr. Simeral—It's impossible, my love. There are not enough offices.

A Mischievous Mistake.

[From the Washington Post.]

Chicago Woman—I want a marriage license. My fiancé is too busy to come himself.

Clerk of Courts (glancing at calendar)—Let me see, this is the tenth, isn't it?

Chicago Woman—Why, how perfectly absurd of you! This is only my sixth.

A Lesson in Love.

[From the Epoch.]

George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will you marry me?

Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a time, please.

When They Dine.

[From the Omaha World.]

Mealtime Caller—When do you dine?

Preocious Little Daughter—We always have to wait till callers go. I'm getting awfully hungry.

The Face a Mirror.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Hubbs—I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face.

Grubs—Well, or—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.

Good Excuse.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Paterfamilias—Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning.

Clara (shyly)—Yes, papa, you know love levels all things.

A Great Inducement.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Coro—What induced you to tell Mr. Meritt to take the party last night with George?

Little Johnnie—A quarter.

Not Too Sudden.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Fond Lover (after a long delayed proposal)—Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling.

Darling Girl (regarding her composure with a mighty effort)—Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but (and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden.

Lived on a One-Track Road.

[From Punch.]



John Montgomery Ward Writes of the Rights of Ball Players—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

NOT MUCH OF A SURPRISE.

THE BERKELEY CLUB'S RESIGNATION FROM THE A. A. U. WAS EXPECTED.

Lyman and Murray to Meet Again in the Fall—Jack Hopper Confident of Being Able to Defeat Billy Dacey—The Massachusetts Spring Meeting To-Morrow—Will Day Was Overruled.

The announced intention of the Berkeley Athletic Club to resign from the A. A. U., while it causes regret among the other members of the A. A. U., did not create as much surprise as it would have six weeks ago. The refusal of the Executive Committee of the A. A. U. to entertain the idea of the invitation races proposed by the Berkeley naturally chagrined the Club. The Berkeley meant these races as an entering wedge to an amicable settlement of the differences between the A. A. U. and N. four A's. The Club was rather surprised when its well-meant proposals were rejected so promptly. As the majority of the members of the Club, joined to aid the cause of athletics, and not to continue a petty strife unworthy the high standing of such a powerful organization as the A. A. U., the best course to be adopted was to resign its membership—no thought most of the members. The Club will hereafter, or until some settlement occurs between the N. four A's, and A. A. U., continue as an independent organization. It is quite probable it will attempt no more overtures towards peace.

Jack Lyman announces that he will not entertain any challenge until after he has fought Billy Murray again for the 110-pound championship. As Murray is ready to meet him, it is probable the men will come together again in the Fall.

The first championship tournament to be held by the National Lawn-Tennis Association will occur at Flushing, N. Y., June 6, 7 and 8. It will consist of the ladies' and gentlemen's singles and gentlemen's doubles.

Jack Hopper feels confident that he has improved sufficiently in science since his last meeting with Billy Dacey to be able now to down him. Billy, however, is quite as confident that he is still superior to Hopper in ability. Both men are standing out for all the advantages they can possibly get. Hopper thinks he fights best at 128 pounds. Hopper considers his best fighting weight 133 pounds. And here is the hitch. But the newly organized Club of Troy will offer a generous purse for the two men to fight for, which may bring the match to a head.

What has become of that proposed match between Mike Cushing and Austin Gibbons? These two are cracklers at their weights, and a set-to between them would be highly interesting.

J. S. Mitchell, that colossus at heavy weight throwing, threw the hammer 123 feet 8 1/2 inches at the games at Bergen Point yesterday. But, by some accident, the hammer actually weighed seventeen pounds, a pound above the prescribed weight.

Willie Day, the great cross-country runner, gave up after making three laps from the scratch in the 1 1/2 mile event at Bergen Point. The great stayer was overruled. This is with a common error of athletes. They beat themselves by working too hard to get in what they consider good trim. Had Day not been too fine he would have had a sure thing of the one and one-half mile.

The Manhattan Athletic Club holds its annual Spring meeting to-morrow afternoon.

The Hornbecker Athletic Club, since it moved to its quarters in East Third street, has flourished greatly. In the Fall the Club intends to add a complete gymnasium to its equipment.

The breaking of the four-mile record at New London is said to be the aim of the Yale University eight in its race with Harvard. With this end in view the crew has already overruled, which has affected its chances of doing so somewhat. And now, with the Harvard crew in fine trim, the Yale boys will have to go a little carefully or the walkover which it is thought they would have with the crimson may not pan out.

Let the Little Folks Read the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

Anniversary of Stephen A. Douglas Lodge. The Stephen A. Douglas Lodge, No. 357, I. O. O. F., celebrated their sixteenth anniversary at their club-rooms, 180 Bowery, Wednesday evening. A fine programme was arranged, which consisted of vocal and recitative numbers by Wm. H. Richter, B. Block, Andy Merin, Augustus Bitterman, E. Mulholland and S. Mitchell. H. Stiefel, S. Gompers and Julius Reinberger were the readers of the evening. Richter's Orchestra furnished the music.

Puzzles and Prizes in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Aged Rapidly.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

Young Husband—What? You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty.

Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly since I married.

A Windfall for Veterans Who Fought on the Gunboat Undine—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

AU REVOIR, MR. THOMPSON.

ALAN DALE WRITES "THE OLD HOMESTEAD" A FAREWELL LETTER.

Some Things for Uncle Denman to Digest While He Is in His New Hampshire Home—Not an Actor, but Just Denman Thompson—A Pastoral Which Does Not Affect Dramatic Romance.

My Dear Mr. Denman Thompson:

There is poetry in the atmosphere this morning; the sun brightly favors optimism; a balmy breeze blows far away depressing influences; every beauty is effectively halved, while evils look black and melancholy sink into the background. The fortunate ones are thinking of pleasant beaches, of leafy groves, of tinkling waters, and all the rest of the pastoral. It and they, however, are among those fortunate ones. Soon you will say good-bye to your million nephews, will bring your little knapsack on your shoulder, and bid you away to New Hampshire.

I am not fishing for an invitation, Uncle Joshua; you must not think that. But I can't let you go without a line or two, congratulating you upon the result of your most remarkable theatrical season, and wishing you a hearty "return," which you may digest at leisure after Saturday night. The poetry to which I have just alluded has intoxicated me somewhat. I feel I would call upon you, and sing to you. "Oh, why do you go when the flowers are springing," but, on second consideration, I would not like you to begin your vacation disabled and unhappy; and furthermore, the song in question is an Irish mother's lament, and as an Irish mother I should be a dead failure.

The success of "The Old Homestead" has of course inspired the imitative crowd of playwrights and Uncle Joshua of more or less interest and of varied beauty have sprung up in mushroom-like rapidity. Occasionally we hear of an imitation meeting with more success than the original, but in the present instance it is delightful to recall the fact that every Uncle Joshua copy has made its modest stand out more conspicuously excellent, more unmistakably unique than before. And this circumstance is peculiar. "The Old Homestead" has defects of course; it is lacking in dramatic action. Yet nobody has been able to rectify its wantonness and at the same time the episodic charm of Uncle Joshua Whitcomb's pastoral, and this shows very clearly that the charm of "The Old Homestead" is of more worth than dramatic action, in this case at any rate.

You have somewhat disarmed criticism, Mr. Thompson, and that is a point for which I must heartily thank you. Those who have visited "The Old Homestead" to criticize the work of a star actor, and you are not an actor, dear, avuncular sir. You are simply Denman Thompson. You appear upon the stage and enjoy yourself there. Two thousand eyes may be looking upon you, but that doesn't make you in the least dramatic.

I think that this is one of the most interesting facts in connection with your extremely interesting self. Suppose I went upon the stage and played Irving. We should be repelled. I am quite convinced, and this is said in all due deference to an artist. Imagine Booth standing up and being Booth. I wouldn't want to be in the house at the time, I am perfectly sure. Hardly an actor or an actress upon the stage that could be behind the footlights himself or herself. Of course it is not necessary that there should be such folk, as the object of the profession is impersonation, and interpretation. Yet Denman Thompson is Denman Thompson, and by simply being himself, dear sir, he has made a fortune.

It really makes one's mouth water to think of it. Must be lovely to know that you have such a nice, profitable self lurking about your waistcoat. The lives of most of us are hardly interesting to ourselves, let alone pleasing to others. Not a dollar could be made from the portrayed existence of ninety-nine out of a hundred of jaded city folk—and, of course, I speak as one of the jaded folk. Think of our queer little breakfasts, our hectic, prosaic money-grubbing, our feverish afternoons and tiresome evenings being "enacted" upon the stage. How woefully unconvincing, even with a dash of the dramatic as sauce.

Your success, Mr. Thompson, is, of course, very easy to explain. Thank goodness that it is. It would not do for us to know no reason why our lives could not be made as profitable as yours. If I could not account for your phenomenal good fortune, I should at once seek Messrs. Gilmore and Tompkins and remark: "Gentlemen, Denman Thompson is no actor, and yet he has appeared nightly upon the stage of the Academy of Music and filled his pockets and purse. Let me hire your theatre from you and see if I can't do the same. I am also an actor."

"The Old Homestead" has appeared because it came at a time when public taste was tired of tawdry plays with improbable plots and impossible people and far-fetched motives. A plot is an awful undertaking. It must be necessary deal with out-of-the-ordinary events, because, as I have said, our lives are hardly interesting. So exceptional cases are eagerly looked for and dramatized, and people when they go to the theatre expect romance, which they generally get, strongly tinted with impossibility.

Your pastoral, Mr. Thompson, does not in the least affect dramatic romance. People still love

the play as much as ever. The drama of course literature, and literature makes, as it is made, and will make the world endurable. But "The Old Homestead" has come in as so much refreshment. After seeing it, we can go back to our plays with renewed zeal. As the sorbet is to the dinner, pushing us gently forward in the direction of the roasts and the salads and the desserts, so your "Homestead" has given us a new desire for the drama, and really spurred us on to appreciate even—yes, even melodrama.

I remember that I saw a tank just after the visit to "The Old Homestead." I felt positively reviled in the tank, which, at another time, I should have scornfully loathed. I enjoyed this melodrama just as a country boy coming from the dreamy inertia of his own native hills would joyfully sit through—say "The Mystery of Fernleigh Abbey," or "The Boy Tramp and His Man-of-War Mother." I felt as though I were indeed coming from a country home where I had spent a delightful, life-giving time—and that country home was Uncle Joshua Whitcomb's.

Managers ought to combine to thank you, dear uncle. Though you have packed your own theatre, I am convinced that you have also helped to fill theirs. Contrast is really the spice of life. Much that by itself would be intolerable is exquisite by comparison. A perpetual smile becomes a hideous grimace. You artistically realized the force of contrast when you sandwiched a city scene between the layers of "The Old Homestead's" pastorals. The first act, deliciously quaint, made me long for more. But let's be bold, the second act was in the ordinary every-day luxurious city. Just as this was beginning to grow wearisome back you took us to the country, and there you ended, sending us home with a bucolic flavor in our mouth or to some dairy where we could fondly imagine that the milk tasted cowy and that the butter was no relation to oleo.

Certainly those who have declared you were no actor, and made the statement in a derogatory manner, can never accuse you of having posed for one, dear Mr. Thompson. Never once during your long sojourn among us have I beheld your form mingled with the frequenter of the Balto; never once have I heard you declare that you were "simply great" or had made "the hit of your life." Never have you aped little eccentricities or tried to force your self-illuminating. Your conduct, dear Uncle Joshua, has been dignified and unassuming. You have never even given us a souvenir to throw into our wastebasket, or made a speech to thank us for having accepted from you our money's worth. You have not even informed us that you were Uncle Joshua Whitcomb for positively the two hundredth time, or announced that the tenth month of this unrivaled impersonation had just begun. From one ticket, Uncle Joshua, you did not seem to care much about it. You know very well that we love to believe that we are obliged to buy them six months in advance. And those eager "crowds" surrounding the box-office, what has become of them?

Alas! Uncle Denman surely you need a manager, a nice, good consistent liar. You have kept us in ignorance of so much of the usual and expected. It must seem strange to many that this has not hurt you, but it hasn't. And now, dear Uncle, your admiring nephew wishes you a pious holiday. Educated horses succeed you at the Academy, but they cannot take your place, any more than the trained monkeys that followed Irving at the Star could take his. "The Old Homestead" can plant itself securely once more in our busy metropolitan. It must seem strange to many that this has not hurt you, but it hasn't. Uncle Joshua, Aunt Matilda, Cy Prime, Seth Perkins and Bickety Ann can all come and break bread with us again. You, in your pleasant Swanzy home, can think of us being slowly broiled on red-hot pavements, and rapidly reduced in the big city frying pan, and such thoughts, by force of contrast, may make your country home all the pleasanter.

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TALK OF THE STAGE WORLD.

ACTORS AND MANAGERS MAKING PLANS FOR NEXT SEASON.

Manager Simon Arranging for the Salvini Tour—Miss Alice King Hamilton Engaged for "Lord Chaumley"—A Parisian "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Sarah Bernhardt's Fallure as Lena Despard—Rose Coghlan Will Go to San Francisco.

Wesley Simon has just completed arrangements for the tour of Salvini next season, which will begin at Palmer's Theatre Oct. 7, two days after Col. McCull's Comic Opera Company has withdrawn. Salvini will play for four weeks at Palmer's and then go to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago and as far west as Denver. He will probably go no further west unless he decides to visit Australia. Salvini has never been to Australia, and is convinced that there is a "pot of money" for him in that country. His repertoire here will consist of "Othello," "The Gladiator" and "Sampson," most of the time being devoted to "Othello." He will play only four times a week, and on off-nights, and these "off-nights" with Salvini are a great consideration. Hitherto they have taken the "gilt of the gingerbread," but this time it is proposed that they shall be made profitable. Salvini declines to play every night in the week on the ground that he never did so when he was in his prime, and does not intend to begin now that he is nearly sixty years of age. He will, of course, play in Italian, with an English-speaking company. Salvini comes to America under the management of A. M. Palmer, his son being directed by Wesley Simon. A. M. Palmer, who sails for Europe on the City of Paris, June 12, with his family, will probably meet Salvini in Italy.

Miss Alice King Hamilton, author of "One of the Dunces" and "Lord Chaumley," has been engaged to do "The Lord Chaumley" tour, to play the part assigned at the Lyceum Theatre to Miss Dora Leslie. Miss Hamilton spent last season as leading lady in a small Western company. She will probably give us another novel one of those days when she was her own interesting stage experiences. Miss Hamilton is charming to look upon and not a bit blue-stockinged.

Miss Adele Palmer is to play the part of the French maid in "The Great Metropolis," for which preparations are already being made.

Manager Duquesne, of the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, wants to do "The Lord Chaumley" tour, to play the part assigned at the Lyceum Theatre to Miss Dora Leslie. Miss Hamilton spent last season as leading lady in a small Western company. She will probably give us another novel one of those days when she was her own interesting stage experiences. Miss Hamilton is charming to look upon and not a bit blue-stockinged.

Baseball Enthusiasts, Read John Ward's Article in the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Season's News from all the Watering Places in the SUNDAY WORLD.

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Young Mr. Thurner, the business manager and major domo of Prof. Hermann, is to have a benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre June 8.

A number of Western actors who have been accustomed to making Chicago their headquarters during the Summer have come to New York to mingle with the exclusive Baltoites. Several of them have already declared that a Western actor has no show in the East and that managers will not look at him.

"Grisette: a Tale of Paris and New York," by Lew Rosen, the dramatic writer, has just been published by John Day. Mr. Rosen has lightly sketched the character of a woman "voluble by nature," who in spite of "sleazy hair" and a complexion like a tea-rose, falls desperately in love with a Bovey variety man who sings to her "Come Where the Sea is Moaning Sad and Lonely," and overcomes her by the beauty of this music. Mr. Rosen has also sketched Grisette's antecedents and her peculiarities are nearly all indorsed by celebrated cynics like De la Rochefoucauld. There are one or two familiar New York people mentioned in the book and very thinly disguised. Exactly how they will enjoy the honor conferred upon them remains to be seen. Mr. Rosen is a gracefully feuilletonic writer.

Miss Rose Coghlan is to summer in San Francisco.

The exercises commemorative of the eighth anniversary of the Actors' Fund of America take place next Tuesday at Palmer's Theatre. A. M. Palmer, Chauncey M. Depew, William Winter and Daniel Dougherty will speak. Eugene Oudin will sing and so will the Schumann male quartet.

A Page of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD.

FROM MONTANA.

HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888.

FLEMING BROS. GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They strike like a charm in case of biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, etc.

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